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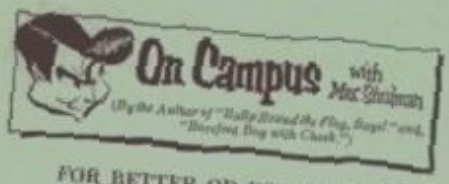
On Campus with Max Shulman
(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE

The first thought that comes into our minds upon entering college is, of course, marriage. But how many of us go about seeking mates, as I like to call them, in a truly scientific manner? Not many, you may be sure.

So let us today make a scientific survey of the two principal causes of marriage—personality need and propinquity.

Personality need means that we choose mates because they possess certain qualities that complete and fulfill our own personalities. Take, for example, the case of Alanson Duck.

As a freshman Alanson made a fine scholastic record, played varsity sensible, and was president of his class. One would think that Alanson was a totally fulfilled man. But he was not. There was something lacking in his life, something vague and indefinable that was needed to make his personality complete.

Then one day Alanson discovered what it was. As he was walking out of his class in Flemish pottery, a fetching coed named Grace Elk offered him a handsome red and white tack and said, "Marlboro?"

"Yes!" he cried, for all at once he knew what he had been needing to round out his personality—the hearty fulfillment of Marlboro Cigarettes, the soul-repairing mildness of their fine tobacco, the easy flow of their unparalleled filter, the ease and convenience of their crush-proof flip-top box. "Yes, I will take a Marlboro!" cried Alanson. "And I will also take you to wife if you will have me!"

"Lo!" she wickedned, throwing her apron over her face. But after a while she removed it and they were married. Today they live happily in Buffalo Land where Alanson is with an outer-glazing firm and Grace is a hookie.

Propinquity, the second principal cause of marriage, simply means closeness. Put a boy and a girl close together for a sustained period of time and their proximity will certainly ripen into love and their love into marriage. A perfect example is the case of Fabius Sigalow.

While a freshman at Louisiana State University, Fabius was required to crawl through the Big Inch pipeline as part of his fraternity initiation. He entered the pipe at Baton Rouge and, shoes and jeans, he proceeded to crawl north.

As he passed Lafayette, Indiana, he was agreeably surprised to be joined by a comely girl named Mary Alice Isingham, a Purdue freshman, who, oddly, enough, had to crawl through the Big Inch as part of her sorority initiation.

Chatting amiably as they crawled through Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York State, Fabius and Mary Alice discovered they had much in common—like a mutual affection for Beerbee, bobsledding, and the massive verse of Arnold Toynbee. When they reached the Vermont border they were going steady, and when they emerged from the pipe at

When they reached the Vermont border they were going steady

Boothbay Harbor, Maine, they were engaged.

After a good but bath they were married and today they live in Klamath Falls, Oregon, where Fabius is in the weights and measures department and Mary Alice is in the roofing game. They have three children, all named Norman.

* * *

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Propinquity is sure to mean here when you put yourself close to a pack of Marlboros, made for your pleasure by the sponsors of this column.

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